

Production No. 7F22

The Simpsons

"BLOOD FEUD"

Written by
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Created by
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Developed by
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Matt Groening
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FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"BLOOD FEUD"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MRS. SMITHERS.....JULIE KAVNER
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
HOMER'S BRAIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITTY.....HANK AZARIA
CARL.....HANK AZARIA
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
OSVALDO.....HANK AZARIA
DRACULA.....HANK AZARIA
RENFIELD.....HARRY SHEARER
MAIL PERSON.....YEARDLEY SMITH
POSTAL WORKER.....HANK AZARIA

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JOEY.....HANK AZARIA
NURSE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
WOMAN.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MR. ROMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA

BLOOD FEUD

by

George Meyer

FADE IN:

EXT. HILL NEAR NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MORNING

A group of DIGNITARIES, including MAYOR DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY, is gathered for the dedication of the nuclear plant's new disaster warning system. Built on a hill overlooking Springfield, it's a huge electric SIGN like the ones that warn of dangerous conditions on the freeway. "Mayor Diamond Joe Quimby" is written across the podium.

QUIMBY

Chief Wiggum, Archbishop McGee,
distinguished guests. I am pleased to
dedicate this emergency warning system.
In the all-too-likely event of a
nuclear disaster, this enormous sign
would tell the citizens of Springfield
how to respond.

He flips a switch. The sign lights up to read, "RELAX. EVERYTHING IS FINE." The CROWD **APPLAUDS**. He hits another switch, and the message changes to: "MINOR RADIATION LEAK. ROLL UP WINDOWS." More **APPLAUSE**. Then "MELTDOWN. FLEE CITY." **MURMURING** and **APPLAUSE**. Then "CORE EXPLOSION. REPENT SINS."

HOMER

(CHUCKLING) Joke's on them. If the
core explodes, there won't be any power
to light that sign.

His co-workers **LAUGH**.

QUIMBY

And now, I'd like to present the man
who made this sign possible, by
dropping the last of his obstructionist
legal challenges... C. Montgomery
Burns.

A BAND plays "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." The
DIGNITARIES APPLAUD, but Burns doesn't appear. A worried
SMITHERS scans the crowd for him.

SMITHERS

Mayor Quimby, Mr. Burns is never late.
He must be sick.

QUIMBY

Well, he better be. Nobody leaves
Diamond Joe Quimby holding the bag!

INT. BURNS MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

MR. BURNS, terribly weak and listless, is lying on his back
like a helpless turtle. He wiggles his limbs sporadically
in a pathetic attempt to right himself.

BURNS

(GRUNTING) Must... turn... over. Got
to... greet... dignitaries!

Smithers rushes in and is horrified at Burns' condition.

SMITHERS

Oh, no, Mr. Burns! (CALLING) Somebody
get a doctor!

BURNS

A doctor? Absolutely not! No quack sawbones is going to apply his leeches to me!

SMITHERS

(FIRMLY) Sir, you need a doctor.

BURNS

No! I forbid it! As long as there's an ounce of strength left in me, I...

Burns MOANS as he collapses.

INT. BURNS MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

DR. HIBBERT finishes examining Burns and awkwardly steps over his body to confer with Smithers.

SMITHERS

Could it be anemia, Doctor?

HIBBERT

Oh no. Anemia is when you don't have enough red blood cells. Mr. Burns doesn't have enough blood.

SMITHERS

What do you mean?

HIBBERT

We medical men call it hypohemia. Picture a washcloth that's just barely damp. You wring and wring, but nothing comes out. That's Mr. Burns.

SMITHERS

(ANXIOUSLY) Well, what can we do?

HIBBERT

The latest treatment, odd as it may seem, is laughter -- good, old-fashioned belly laughter.

Dr. Hibbert **LAUGHS** his deep laugh.

BURNS

(MUTTERING BITTERLY) Plotting... against... me. Dirty... bastards...

SMITHERS

(OFF THIS) What's the old treatment?

HIBBERT

Well, a transfusion.

Smithers immediately extends his bare arm.

SMITHERS

Here, take it! Three pints, four pints...

HIBBERT

I'm afraid it's not that simple. His blood type is Double-O-Negative. It's quite rare.

SMITHERS

Damn! I'm B-positive. (ANGUISHED MOAN) Curse this blood in my veins! Some cruel gene has robbed me of my chance to serve Mr. Burns in yet another way.

BURNS

Smithers, don't feel so bad. After all, that kidney you donated to me really hit the spot.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - AFTERNOON

Homer CHUCKLES to himself as he puts up the classic "You Want It When???" sign over one reading "Emergency Procedures." Beside it, signs read: "We've Got To Get Organized" and "You Don't Have To Be Crazy To Work Here... But It Helps." He looks up as a CRACKLING comes over the P.A.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

(OVER P.A. - DISTRAUGHT) Attention all employees. Our mentor, Mr. Burns...

(CHOKES UP)... is at death's door.

When I left him, he had (SUPPRESSES A SOB) one-eighth the blood of a normal man. We all know he's a fighter, but time is running out. If you have type Double-O-Negative blood, I implore you to report to the Bloodmobile outside.

LENNY, CARL and Homer are listening.

LENNY

(LOUNGING IN CHAIR) Man, he's got our sweat, and our tears... Now he wants the red stuff. Forget it!

CARL

I'd give him my blood, except for one thing.

LENNY

What's that?

CARL

I don't wanna. (LAUGHS)

HOMER

(INCREDULOUS) I can't believe you guys. There's a human being out there with millions of dollars who needs our help. And you say you don't wanna? That's why you losers are stuck in this crummy, dead end job.

CARL

You know, Homer, I am your supervisor.

HOMER

Sorry, sir.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MARGE is reading a condensed book. LISA is sitting on the floor with MAGGIE, showing her some zoology flash cards. She holds up a LEMUR.

LISA

Maggie, look. What's that? What is that?

Maggie doesn't know.

LISA (CONT'D)

Lee-mur. Lee-mur.

Maggie SUCKS her pacifier in Lisa's rhythm. She repeats this after each flash card. Lisa holds up a NARWHAL.

LISA (CONT'D)

Nar-whal. Nar-whal.

Lisa holds up a ZEBU.

LISA (CONT'D)

Zee-boo. Zee-boo.

MARGE

What are you doing, honey?

LISA

I'm trying to teach Maggie that nature doesn't end with the barnyard. I want her to have all the advantages I didn't have.

MARGE

(OFFENDED) Lisa, we did the best we could... Even I don't know what a zebu is.

LISA

It's like an ox, only it has a hump and a dewlap. (SINGSONG TO MAGGIE) Hump and dew-lap. Hump and dew-lap.

Marge MURMURS. Homer rushes in breathlessly.

HOMER

Marge! What's my blood type?

MARGE

A-Positive.

HOMER

(DISAPPOINTED) Nuts! Extremely rare blood and I don't have it. Story of my life.

LISA

You know his blood type, how romantic.

MARGE

A mother knows everything about her family.

The family peppers Marge with rapid-fire questions.

BART

Oh yeah? How many teeth do I have?

MARGE

Sixteen permanent, eight baby.

LISA

What's my shoe size?

MARGE

Six B.

HOMER

Earmuffs.

MARGE

XL.

LISA

Ring.

MARGE

I don't want you wearing rings, it looks cheap, but 8.

BART

Allergies.

MARGE

Butterscotch and imitation
butterscotch.

BART

And?

MARGE

Glow in the dark monster make-up.

BART

Impressive.

HOMER

How many hairs on my head? Without
looking!

MARGE

Oh, Homer, you have lots of hair... Why
did you want to know your blood type?

HOMER

Aw, Old Man Burns is gonna kick off if
he doesn't get some Double-O-Negative
blood, but nobody at the plant has it.

MARGE

Bart does.

HOMER

(ECSTATIC) Woo-hoo! Congratulations,
boy! You've got a date with a needle!

BART

Hey, wait a minute. I don't have to
give blood. I have rights, you know.

HOMER

Yeah, you have the right to remain
silent.

MARGE

Bart, you have to help someone in need.
It's the Christian thing to do.

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer is tucking Bart in and trying to sell him on the
idea.

HOMER

Bart, it's not like I'm asking you to
give blood for free. That would be
crazy! You're a little young to
understand this, but when you save a
rich man's life, he showers you with
riches. Don't you know the story of
Hercules and the Lion?

BART

Is it a bible story?

HOMER

Yeah, probably. Well, once upon a time there was a big mean lion who got a thorn in his paw. And all the village people tried to pull it out, but nobody was strong enough. So they got Hercules, and Hercules used his mighty strength, and bingo. Anyway, the moral is, Hercules got a big thing of riches.

BART

Like what?

HOMER

Like... one a those crown deals with the gold stickin' out of it... and one of those necklace-type jobs... and some of those diamond things with the... things all over 'em...

BART

How did a lion get rich?

HOMER

It was the olden days! The main thing is, Burns has more dough than a hundred lions.

BART

Wow! Dad, does giving blood hurt?

HOMER

I wouldn't lie to you, son -- It'll
tickle a little. Now go to sleep.

EXT. BLOODMOBILE - NEXT MORNING

Homer and Bart try the door, but it's locked.

HOMER

(KNOCKING) Hey, let's go! Emergency!
Life-or-death here!

OTTO (O.S.)

Just a sec, man!

EXT. BACK OF BLOODMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

OTTO, in a white medical coat, is installing chrome naked-lady mudflaps on the Bloodmobile. He joins Bart and Homer.

OTTO

Hey, how's it goin', Bart-dude?

BART

(IMPRESSED) Whoa, Otto-man! You work
here?

OTTO

Hey, after I drop you school guys off
in the morning, I got six whole hours
to kill. So I got a job as a Certified
Bloodletting Tech Dude.

HOMER

(IMPATIENT) Hey, let's get the show on
the road!

OTTO

Okay. Let me wash up.

Otto takes a moist towlette from a box of half-eaten "Shakespeare's Chicken," which has a picture of Shakespeare eating a drumstick. He HUMS the bass line to "Iron Man" as he wipes his hands.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The Bloodmobile SCREECHES up to the entrance, and Otto rushes out with the bag of Bart's blood. He hands it off to a HOSPITAL WORKER, who tosses it to a CO-WORKER inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Frantic NURSES toss the bag down the hall in bucket-brigade fashion. It finally reaches an ORDERLY who's waiting for the elevator. He HUMS patiently for a beat, then remembers to hit the "UP" button.

INT. HOSPITAL - BURNS' ROOM - DAY

A NURSE takes the blood and starts hooking it up to Burns' I.V.

BURNS

(FEEBLY) Smithers, are you there?

SMITHERS

I'm here, sir. We're ready with the transfusion.

BURNS

It's too late. I'm not going to make it. I want to dictate... my epitaph.

SMITHERS

(BRAVELY) Yes sir. Go ahead.

BURNS

"Montgomery... J... Burns." (BEAT)

"American."

Smithers chokes back a SOB. A long beat.

BURNS (CONT'D)

"... And Patriot."

The nurse nods to Smithers as she turns on the I.V. In a quick series of DISSOLVES, we see the blood work its magic.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(STILL WEAK) "Guardian... Of...
Democracy."

More blood.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(STRONGER) "Master Of The Atom."

More blood.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(STRONGER) "Scourge Of The Despot."

More blood.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(BOOMING) "O Tyrant Hear His Mighty
Name And QUAKE!!"

A NURSE pokes her head in the door.

NURSE

Could you keep it down in here? We
have sick people.

BURNS

(SITTING UP) Don't you tell me what to
do! I'm Charles Montgomery Burns! (TO
SMITHERS) Hand me my epitaph!

Smithers hands Mr. Burns the epitaph. Burns GRUNTS as he tries to rip it up, but can't.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Smithers! Rip this up and throw it in
the air... I'm back!

SMITHERS

My pleasure, sir.

Smithers easily rips up the paper and throws it in the air as Burns **CACKLES**.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - NEXT MORNING

Mr. Burns is skipping giddily through the plant in tennis whites. It would recall Scrooge's "glorious-to-be-alive" scene, but he doesn't know anyone's name.

BURNS

Top o' the mornin' to ye! Why, look
who's here! It's good old... you!

SMITTY

(PUZZLED) Hi, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

(CALLING TO WOMAN) And if it isn't...
a different employee! Tell me... How's
that husband of yours?

WOMAN

I really don't know, Mr. Burns. We're
divorced.

BURNS

Well... bully for you! I like your
spirit! (SEES LENNY) Hey, there,
Mr... Brown Shoes! How about that
local sports team? Are they ever gonna
win?

Burns moves past without waiting for a reply.

LENNY

(UNCERTAINLY) Well... they won a
doubleheader last night...

Homer arrives as Burns is prancing away, blowing kisses to
one and all.

HOMER

(AMAZED) Mr. Burns... he's alive!

LENNY

Afraid so.

HOMER

WHOA YEAH!

Homer spikes an imaginary football.

INT. BURNS' PRIVATE FRONTON - LATER

Burns is finishing a vigorous game of Jai-alai with
Osvaldo, his Basque trainer. He runs up the wall to make a
spectacular shot, winning the match.

OSVALDO

Ay, caramba!

BURNS

Heh-heh! That's game! Hasta manana,
Osvaldo!

OSVALDO

(PANTING) Usted esta muy rapido, Senor
Burns!

BURNS

Gracias, amigo!

Smithers starts toweling him down.

SMITHERS

Just remarkable, sir.

BURNS

Smithers, I'm back in the pink! Full
of pith and vinegar!

INT. BURNS' OFFICE - DAY

BURNS

I feel like a million! And I say that
as one who knows.

SMITHERS

You certainly do, sir.

BURNS

Your first million smacks you in the
belly like a jolt of moonshine. Then
along comes that second million. It's
smoother, mellower... richer somehow.
The third has a certain pungency to it.
I didn't care for it, frankly. The
fourth million comes roaring in like a
lion, but goes out like a fluffy little
lamb. Then there's the proverbial
"fifth million." It's everything they
say it is, believe me.

SMITHERS

(CHUCKLES) Sir, with your wealth,
we'll be here all day.

Burns pulls out a drawer full of health remedies and dumps
it into the trash.

BURNS

It's funny. I tried every tincture and poultice and tonic and patent medicine there is. And all I really needed was the blood of a young boy. By the way, what was the lad's name?

SMITHERS

Uh, Bart Simpson, sir.

BURNS

Who?

SMITHERS

He's the son of one of our employees.

BURNS

Well, the Simpsons will be getting a very nice surprise in the mail.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Homer is sorting through the mail, dropping each letter into the wastebasket.

HOMER

Bulk rate... Bulk rate... Fourth
class... Bulk rate... (AWED) Oooh!
First class! (SEES RETURN ADDRESS)
From C.M. Burns! Woo-hoo! This is it!
(SINGS) Off we go! Into the wild blue
yonder! Moneytime! Dee-dee-dee-dee!

Homer breaks into a joyful dance as Bart joins him.

BART

(PUZZLED) What is it?

HOMER

(KISSING HIM) It's payday, boy!
Riches! Marge! Lisa! Maggie! Let's
do this out in the yard where the
neighbors can see!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

The whole family is gathered on the back porch.

HOMER

Lisa, dim the lights! No, turn on more
lights! Do something!

LISA

Yes, Dad.

Lisa turns on the sprinklers.

HOMER

I will now open the envelope, which
feels thin, but that's okay, because a
check is thin and that much cash
wouldn't fit, so we're fine,
everything's great... I am now opening
the envelope! The envelope has been
opened.

The kids **APPLAUD**.

MARGE

Homer, can you speed this up? It's
cold out here.

Homer takes out a card.

HOMER

Ooh, a card. A very nice card. I will
now open the very nice card. (READS)
"Dear Bart... Thank you kindly for the
blood. Yous truly, Montgomery Burns."
(ANNOYED GRUNT)

In a state of shock, Homer shakes the card, then blows into
the envelope, then shakes the card again. Lisa turns off
the sprinklers.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Homer is steaming mad.

HOMER

Lousy deadbeat millionaire... cheap,
crummy (LOOKS ON BACK) 95-cent card...
back stabbing, double crossing, two
faced...

MARGE

Homer, you don't do things like that to
be rewarded, you do them because a
fellow human being needs a helping
hand.

HOMER

Marge, you're my wife and I love you
very much. But you're living in (FAIRY
VOICE) a world of make-believe. With
flowers and bells and leprechauns, and
magic frogs with funny little hats...

BART

Yeah, Mom. We got screwed!

MARGE

Bart! (FIRMLY) We got exactly what we wanted out of this: We gave an old man a second chance.

HOMER

Yeah, and we got a card for it. I mean, I wasn't expecting him to put us in his will, but something! Some frozen crab legs! Something!

BART

A lousy Jet-Ski!

HOMER

I promised my boy one simple thing: A huge reward. And that man broke my promise. Well, I've had it! Bart, take a letter.

BART

Sure thing, Homer.

With a flourish, he jerks some paper out of his notebook, ripping the holes.

HOMER

No, not notebook paper... The good stuff!

Bart rummages in a drawer and finds some stationery.

CLOSE UP - PAPER

It's from the Stingy Scotsman Budgetel. The envelope is a bright orange plaid.

BACK ON HOMER

HOMER

Ready? (DICTATING) "Dear Mr. Burns.
You may not know me, but I am Homer
Simpson. I work in Sector 7-G...
(HEAVY SARCASM) I'm sooo glad you
enjoyed my son's blood. And your CARD
was just great. It more than made up
for all the pain, and suffering..."

BART

And "mental anguish?"

HOMER

Yeah, good. (CONTINUING) "In case you
can't tell, I'm being sarcastic. I
really think you're a senile, buck-
toothed old no-hair with a fat, stupid
brain, and bony girl arms... and you
smell like..."

BART

An elephant's butt?

HOMER

(CHUCKLING) An elephant's butt.

They hug.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Homer is marching to the corner mailbox as Marge tries to calm him down.

MARGE

Do you have to mail it right this minute?

HOMER

Yup!

MARGE

You're still angry, Homer. Why don't you sleep on it?

HOMER

Forget it, Marge!

They've reached the mailbox. As Homer reaches for the mail slot, Marge takes his hand and holds it to her heart.

MARGE

Please, Homie? For me?

HOMER

(SOFTENING) Oh, all right.

(GRUMBLING) You always do that hand thing! And it usually works.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge are in bed. Homer is still upset.

HOMER

Cheap son-of-a...

Homer falls asleep.

ABOVE HOMER'S HEAD

As Homer starts to SNORE, a CLOUD appears, representing his dream. In the cloud, Homer walks up to the pay window at the plant. Mr. Burns is at the window.

BURNS

Sorry, Simpson, no paycheck today.

Just a "thank you" card for all your
hard work.

HOMER

Why you!

Homer pulls Burns through the pay window and shakes him by the neck. Money, jewels, golden crowns, diamond tiaras, a framed landscape painting, etc., fall out of Burns' clothing. Burns GRUNTS as Homer shakes him.

ON THE SLEEPING HOMER

He's tossing and MURMURING angrily.

UP TO CLOUD

Homer continues to throttle Burns, but with diminishing fury. Slowly Burns begins to change into a long-necked Duff beer.

DOWN TO HOMER

Smiling and smacking his lips.

UP TO CLOUD

Homer GLUGS down some of the Duff. WIDEN to show the landscape painting has turned into a TV showing a golf tournament, which he sits in front of. He falls asleep on the couch with a sweet smile.

DOWN TO HOMER

Homer is smiling peacefully, exactly like the cloud. It is now morning. Marge nudges him.

MARGE

Homer... Homer... Breakfast is ready.

Both the real Homer and the Homer in the cloud wake up simultaneously.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Homer is eating breakfast.

HOMER

(MOUTH FULL) Oh, Marge, thank God for
your cool head. I could've thrown away
my whole future in the nuclear
industry. Y'know, I finally understand
the meaning of (TAKING ANOTHER BITE)
mmphm hnmph.

MARGE

The meaning of what?

HOMER

"Better half," Marge. "Better half."
(LOOKS AROUND) Where's the letter?

MARGE

It was right over there...

EXT. CORNER MAILBOX - MORNING

Bart, WHISTLING happily, drops the letter into the mailbox.
The door CLANGS shut with a deep, ominous chord.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Homer is tearing the place apart looking for the letter.
He starts opening food containers and dumping them out.

MARGE

Homer, I don't think it's in the
cornstarch canister.

HOMER

(FRANTIC) Well, it's somewhere! It
didn't get up and walk away!

Bart enters.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Bart, have you seen the letter?

BART

Yup.

HOMER

All right, (SLOWLY) think very
carefully. Where did you see it last?

BART

(IMITATING HOMER, SLOWLY) The last
place I saw it was in my hand as I was
shoving it into the mailbox.

HOMER

(PAINED GRUNT)

BART

Dad, how long have we known each other?
What is it -- eight, nine years? In
all that time I've never seen you hold
one emotion for more than five minutes.
I knew if you were mad last night,
you'd probably be jolly this morning.
That's why I mailed that letter. There
were things in the letter that had to
be said and I knew I...

Homer starts strangling Bart.

BART

(CHOKING) You see? Another mood
swing. At least I know it won't last
very long.

Homer drops Bart.

HOMER

(STARTS CRYING) Oh, Marge, he's right.
I'm doomed. (TO HIMSELF) Okay, think,
Homer. Don't panic. They don't pick
up the mail 'til noon. There's still
time!

Homer races out, jerking Bart out of frame.

EXT. STREET - CORNER MAILBOX - DAY

An agitated Homer is trying to squeeze his arm into the
mailbox.

HOMER

(REACHING AROUND) Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.
This is the right box, isn't it, boy?

BART

Uh-huh.

HOMER

Well some of this stuff doesn't even
feel like mail.

BART

Give it up, Homer. It's locked up
tight.

HOMER

(SLYLY) Locked, eh? Well, I just might
have a little surprise up my sleeve for
old Mr. Lock. Step aside, boy. I'll
show you a little trick.

Homer starts kicking the mailbox as hard as he can. BARNEY
sees them from across the street.

BARNEY

(YELLING) Hey, I'm with you, Homer. I
hate those things!

After a few more kicks, Homer is winded. He looks around
and sees FLANDERS watering his lawn.

HOMER

Wait a minute. Idea. Idea.

Homer runs over to Flanders.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Are you using that hose, Flanders?

FLANDERS

I was, but what the hey.

Homer grabs the hose and runs back to the mailbox.

BART

What are you doing, Dad?

HOMER

What's it look like? I'll get our letter so wet, the ink will run and no one will be able to read it.

BART

But what about all the other mail?

HOMER

So a few people won't get a few letters. Boo-hoo. You know the kinda letters people write: "Dear Somebody-You-Never-Heard-Of... How is So-and-So? Blah blah blah blah blah. Yours truly, Some Bozo." Big loss.

Homer starts to shove the hose into the mailbox.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Now give me a signal if the mailman comes.

BART

Dad, the mailman's here.

HOMER

That's a good one. We'll use that.

BART

No, I mean the mailman's here.

We see the MAIL PERSON behind Bart.

MAIL PERSON

(SEEING HOSE) Dear God! Are you
planning to water the mail?

The Mail Person jerks the hose out of Homer's hands and
grabs him by lapels.

HOMER

I guess it wouldn't do any good to run,
'cause you're our mail lady and you
know my name and address and
everything.

MAIL PERSON

(MALICIOUSLY) That's right.

HOMER

Well, I'm still gonna run!

Homer sprints away with Bart on his heels.

INT. BURNS' MANSION - PARLOR - DAY

Burns and Smithers are interviewing a ghostwriter.

BURNS

I want the whole world to hear my
story.

SMITHERS

Well, Mr. Roman is one of the finest
ghostwriters in the business.

Smithers holds up some of the books.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

He's written "Like Hell I Can't!"...

"You And What Army?"... "I Am Not Completely Defeated"... and "The Unsinkable Sadruddin Mahbaradad!"

ROMAN

I specialize in the indomitable spirit thing... "Up From The Muck," that kind of stuff.

BURNS

Well, you'll have your hands full with this. It's the story of my harrowing collapse. My slow, painful groping for the light. And my ultimate...

ROMAN

I got the perfect title. -- "Not Today, Mr. Death."

BURNS

Excellent. Sir, you shall be my Boswell.

ROMAN

Who?

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

We open on a WPA-style mural of a mailman being bitten by dogs, ankle-deep in mud, being struck by lightning in the middle of a snow storm. He is handing a letter to a grateful, apron-clad housewife. We PAN down to see Homer and Bart standing at a post office window.

HOMER

(TO POSTAL WORKER) (FAKE VOICE) My name
is Mr. Burns. I believe you have a
letter for me.

POSTAL WORKER

Okay, Mr. Burns. What's your first
name?

HOMER

(CONFIDENT) I don't know.

EXT. POST OFFICE - FRONT STEPS

Homer and Bart are sitting on the steps.

HOMER

(SOUR) Great plan, Bart.

BART

(SOUR) Great execution, Homer.

INT. BURNS MANSION - PARLOR - DAY

Mr. Roman is taking notes.

BURNS

Picture the scene: There lay this lion
of commerce, this captain of industry -
- as helpless as a newborn babe.
Writhing like a (SEARCHING)... uh...

ROMAN

A turtle on its back?

BURNS

Oh, a turtle? (SLOW BURN, AS HE MULLS IT) (EXPLODING) Now you listen to me, you ink-stained hack! This is the uplifting story of Montgomery Burns, not "The Wacky Misadventures of Topsy Turtle." Well, I'm not some dizzy starlet or deadhead pole-vaulter who can't string two words together. I can write this thing myself! You're fired!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer is lying on the couch with a washcloth on his forehead. Lisa is showing Maggie more flash cards, this time on botany.

LISA

Ooh, Maggie, look at that! That's a stay-men. Stay-men.

She holds up the next card.

LISA (CONT'D)

An-ther. An-ther.

Next card.

LISA (CONT'D)

Pis-til. Pis-til.

HOMER

(FROM UNDER WASHCLOTH) Lisa, I'm gonna get a pistol in a minute.

LISA

Daaadd...

HOMER

I don't know what you're doing, but
it's very strange and your father is
trying to worry.

INT. BURNS MANSION - STUDY - DAY

Burns is hunched over his work.

BURNS

(TO SELF) "Chapter the Fifth... A Trip
to the Infirmary, With Most Unexpected
Results."

SMITHERS

Very tantalizing, sir. But are you
sure I can't get you a word processor?

BURNS

Oh, heavens no. (FONDLY) Maybe I'm
old fashioned, but I'll just stick with
my trusty old Underwood.

ON TYPEWRITER

It's one of the first ever built -- a big, cumbersome cast-
iron monstrosity.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Oh, she may not be fancy, but this old
girl gets the job done.

With a GRUNT of effort, he manages to push down one of the
keys.

CLOSE ON PAPER

We see the key strike a crooked, smudgy letter "S". It's
the old kind that looks like an "F".

ON BURNS

BURNS

Oh, Smithers. Looks like I'll be
needing some more lampblack soon.

SMITHERS

I'll pick it up with the foolscap, sir.

INT. POWER PLANT - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Homer is spying on the door to Mr. Burns' office. He looks
down to check his watch.

HOMER'S POV

A bare wrist.

HOMER (O.S.)

(CATCHING HIS MISTAKE) Oops.

The wrist wearing a watch enters frame. The watch says
7:02 a.m.

BACK TO WIDE SHOT

The MAILBOY emerges from Burns' office with his empty mail
cart, closing the door behind him. Homer waits a minute,
then steps up to the door. He carefully tries the knob.
It's locked. He reaches into his wallet for his Extenda
credit card, then thinks better of it and takes out his
library card. He jimmies the lock with it and quietly lets
himself in.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Homer glances around and tiptoes to Burns' desk. He sees
some mail in the "In" box and starts shuffling through it.
Suddenly, a blurry figure holding a huge dagger comes up
behind Homer. MUSIC: Ominous "Friday the 13th"-type. The
shot comes into focus and we see the figure holding the
dagger is Burns.

BURNS

Can I help you?

Homer SCREAMS, but is too frightened to answer.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(NOTICING) Oh, don't be frightened of this. It's nothing but a letter opener. Who are you?

CLOSE UP - HOMER'S BRAIN

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O.)

(QUICKLY) Don't tell him. Give him a fake name.

HOMER

Homer Simpson.

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O.)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

BURNS

Simpson, eh? Simpson. (LOOKS AT LETTERS) Why there's a letter here from you. I'll just read it right now. (READS) "Dear Mr. Burns. You may not know me, but I am Homer Simpson. I work in Sector 7-G." (MISSING THE SARCASM) "I'm so glad you enjoyed my son's blood. And your card was just great. It more than made up for all the pain, suffering and mental anguish."

BURNS

(READING) "Blah blah blah blah"... I like your style, Simpson. Thanks for the note.

HOMER

(RELIEVED) You're welcome, sir. Listen, I've only got three hours to get to work, so I better...

BURNS

Yes, yes, on your way.

Burns starts to put the letter away.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Hello! What's this? There's a second page to your missive.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

BURNS

(DRIPPING WITH SARCASM) (READING) "In case you don't realize it, I'm being sarcastic."

Burns starts sputtering and his expression curdles. He glares at Homer, then continues reading.

BURNS (CONT'D)

"I really think you're a senile, bucktoothed..." (WITH GROWING ANGER)
"... old no-hair... Stupid... Bony... Liver spots! Elephant's butt!"

Livid, he presses the intercom button. Homer shivers in terror.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(INTO INTERCOM) Security? There's a man in my office and I want him thrown out.

HOMER

Y-you don't have to throw me out, Mr. Burns. I'll leave.

BURNS

Sit down, Simpson. I said I wanted you thrown out.

Homer sits. There's a long, uncomfortable beat, as they wait for Security to arrive. The clock TICKS, a little too slowly.

HOMER

(MISERABLY) This feels... a little awkward, Mr. Burns.

BURNS

Not to me.

Finally, two SECURITY MEN arrive and hustle Homer out.

INT. POWER PLANT - CORRIDOR

The security men are muscling Homer toward the exit.

HOMER

Hey, c'mon, Joey! Do you have to twist my arm?

JOEY

(APOLOGETICALLY) Yeah, we kinda do. It's called pain compliance.

HOMER

Well, you don't have to twist so hard!

JOEY

(ANNOYED) Hey, I don't tell you how to
do your job.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE

Burns looks out his window at Homer with an expression of
cold fury.

BURNS

I could crush him like an ant, but it
would be too easy. No, revenge is a
dish best served cold. I'll bide my
time until... Oh, what the hell. I'll
just crush him like an ant.

He **SLAMS** his fist on the desk. We **ECHO** the ominous **CHORD**
heard at the end of Act One.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer is sitting on the floor, wrapped in a blanket,
SHUDDERING with paranoia. Marge and Lisa look concerned.

HOMER

I know he's out there. He's out there
right now, planning some terrible
revenge!

MARGE

Sweetheart, you're just making yourself
sick. Anything your imagination comes
up with is going to be worse than the
real thing...

HOMER

He could turn me into a zombie! Then
you're dead and you work all day and
they don't even have to pay you 'cause
you're dead!

MARGE

Oh, Homer, that's silly. There's no
such thing as a zombie.

LISA

Actually, Mom, there have been several well-documented cases of zombieism in the West Indies. The victims are given a rare drug that stops their heartbeat, leaving them, quote-unquote, "dead." Then the voodoo master...

MARGE

(INTERRUPTING) Lisa!

Homer has a look of pure dread. His teeth are CHATTERING. Bart enters. Homer embraces him desperately.

HOMER

Bart, my dear son. You're my greatest treasure. No matter what happens to me, I'll always love you.

BART

(FLIPPANT) Burns got the letter, huh?

MARGE

Homer, listen to me. Mr. Burns is a busy man. He doesn't have time to worry about a few childish insults.

INT. BURNS MANSION - NIGHT

Mr. Burns is waving the letter angrily.

BURNS

"Ugly," eh? "Stupid," am I? "Boney Arms," are they? "Liver spots," have I? "Chinless," will you?

SMITHERS

You'll just have to rise above it, sir.
You don't want to stoop to his level.

BURNS

Yes I do! I will wreak my vengeance,
in a manner so ingenious, so
diabolical, so exquisitely wicked that
none will dare cross me again.

Burns thinks for a BEAT, then his face lights up.

BURNS (CONT'D)

I've got it! Oh, I like this. I like
this very much indeed! (INSANE GIGGLE)

SMITHERS

What is it, sir?

BURNS

(BEST IDEA EVER) I'll have him beaten
up!

SMITHERS

(BEAT) Okayyy, sir. I did box in
college.

BURNS

Not you, Smithers! The company goon.
You know, that brute with the tattoos
and the missing teeth. Where are we
keeping him these days?

SMITHERS

Lawrence? He's giving tours of the plant, sir. He's surprisingly good. The kids really love him.

BURNS

Well, tell him to pay a call on our dear friend, Mr. Simpson. Kick him, poke him, twist his nose, pinch his belly... whatever works for him.

SMITHERS

(UNCOMFORTABLY) Uh, permission to speak frankly, sir?

BURNS

Granted.

SMITHERS

You know I would never defy one of your orders, sir...

BURNS

(INTERRUPTING) Fair enough. It had to be said, and you said it. Good show.

SMITHERS

No, I what I'm trying to say is, you could be arrested.

BURNS

Oh.

SMITHERS

Why don't you sleep on it, sir. And if you still think the beating route is the way to go, then full speed ahead.

BURNS

Well... all right. As usual, Smithers, you're the sober "ying" to my raging "yang."

INT. BURNS MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Burns is sleeping a troubled sleep. A DREAM CLOUD like Homer's appears over his head.

IN CLOUD

Mr. Burns is mountain climbing, wearing shorts, a feathered cap and using a hiking staff. Smithers wears heavy expedition clothes and carries a full backpack. A sign reads "Mount Everest 2 Km" with an arrow pointing up at a very steep angle.

BURNS

(SINGING) Valderee... Valderah...

Valderee... Valdera-ha-ha-ha (COUGHS

AND PANTS) Smithers, I grow weak. Is there any blood left in that boy?

SMITHERS

I'll check, sir.

Smithers unzips his backpack and a very pale Bart pops his head out.

BART

(MOANING WEAKLY) No... no more blood!

BURNS

He's lying. Roll him up like a
toothpaste tube.

A BAT flies by, startling Burns.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Ah!

The bat turns into DRACULA.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(RELIEVED) Oh, it's you, Dracula. What
brings you to Mount Everest?

DRACULA

You do. You're taking advantage of
that boy. When I drink the blood of
others, they gain eternal life... plus
they can fly.

BART

Cool.

DRACULA

But what have you done for this boy?

BURNS

Well, I sent him a nice card and... I'm
having his father beaten up.

DRACULA

Mr. Burns, I ask you, who is the real
monster here? I'll give you a hint...
it's you!

Burns looks stunned.

BURNS

Thank you, Dracula, for showing me the error of my ways. How did you get so wise?

DRACULA

Well, when you wander the night for a thousand years, you pick up a trick or two. Now there are other people who need my help. Come Renfield, we're off to the Middle East.

Dracula's crazed assistant, RENFIELD, lopes behind him as they exit.

RENFIELD

(SMITHERS' VOICE) Right behind you, sir.

BART/BURNS/SMITHERS

Bye Dracula! Yay!

Dracula and Renfield fly off into the sunrise. PAN DOWN from dream cloud to Burns, asleep in his bed, smiling beatifically.

INT. SMITHERS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

Smithers is asleep. He turns over dreamily, then starts to CHUCKLE in his sleep. The CHUCKLE keeps growing until he's ROARING WITH LAUGHTER. We WIDEN to REVEAL Burns at the end of the bed, tickling his feet with a feather.

BURNS

Get up, get up, you slugabed!

SMITHERS

W-huh?

BURNS

We're going to pay back the Simpsons
for saving my life!

Burns starts tugging on Smithers. Next to him, MRS.
SMITHERS wakes up.

MRS. SMITHERS

(WORRIED) W-huh? Huh? (SOURLY) Oh,
Mr. Burns.

She grumpily covers her head with a pillow.

INT. SPRINGFIELD MALL - DAY

Burns and Smithers are riding the escalator. Smithers is
still in his pajamas.

BURNS

We need a present, an extravagant
present! A mad, unthinkable, utterly
impossible present!

SMITHERS

You could set up a college fund for the
boy, sir.

BURNS

Smithers, don't be such an old fud!

SHOPPING MONTAGE

A. Burns and Smithers stop at a brush store called "The
Brushes Are Coming! The Brushes Are Coming!" They shake
their heads.

B. They pass stores called "The Tam-O'-Shanter
Connection," "For Knob Lovers Only," and "Rubik's Last
Stand."

C. They go into "Sweet Home Alabama -- The Store With
Things From Alabama." Burns is **STRUMMING** a banjo and looks
at Smithers for approval. Smithers makes a disapproving
face.

D. They stop at a store called "Wicked Exce\$\$." Smithers points to a big-screen TV.

SMITHERS

I'm sure they'd enjoy this. (POINTS)
Or this pool table is very nice.

BURNS

Are you mad? I'm not going to turn
their home into some kind of saloon!

Suddenly, Burns lets out a GASP as he sees the perfect gift. We don't see what he's looking at.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Gadzooks! The ideal present.
Smithers, if I were that Simpson boy,
I'd "have a cow," as the kids say these
days.

SMITHERS

(NERVOUSLY) But, sir... it's \$15,000.

BURNS

Don't you dare sully this moment with
your price taggery! It's perfect!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa is teaching Maggie three-dimensional shapes. She shows her a card with a twelve-sided figure.

LISA

Oooh, look Maggie! What is that? Do-
de-ca-he-dron. Do-de-ca-he-dron.

HOMER

Lisa, she can't learn that stuff!
She's a baby! She goes in her pants!

A NOISE is heard from outside. Bart runs to the window.

BART

Hey, look! It's old man Burns.

BART'S POV

HOMER

(SHRIEKS) Hide me! Hide me!

Homer dives behind the couch. Outside, some burly MOVERS, along with Smithers, are struggling with a big, heavy crate. Burns is directing them.

BACK TO SCENE

LISA

Wait, Dad, he's smiling.

Homer sticks his head above the couch.

HOMER

Huh?

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT WALK

Burns is RAPPING a rhythm on the crate.

BURNS

(HAPPILY) Heave! Heave! Heave!

With each push, the crate moves about an inch.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Lookin' good!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Simpsons are standing around the mysterious crate.

BURNS

Well, Homer, you can consider that letter destroyed. Although actually it's stapled to your permanent record. But that's just a formality.

HOMER

(TOUCHED) Thanks, Mr. Burns.

They shake hands.

BURNS

To show there's no hard feelings, please take an advance copy of my book, "Will There Ever Be A Rainbow?" (TO BART) And now, young fellow, I haven't forgotten you. Here.

Burns hands Bart a crowbar.

BART

(DELIGHTED) Wow! A crowbar!

LISA

It's to open the crate, Bart.

Bart pries open the crate, revealing the gift: an enormous METEORITE, the size of a washing machine.

BART

(DELIGHTED) Aw, cool! A big rock!

BURNS

(AMUSED) No, not quite, son. It's a meteorite! One of the largest ever discovered. This little baby may have wiped out the dinosaurs.

BART

Awesome!

HOMER

(UNCONVINCINGLY) Heyyy... that's
really great! Wowww.

LISA

(READING) The Old Flatiron meteorite
has a fascinating history. It was
discovered in Greenland in 1907. Three
teams of dogs were needed to haul it to
the nearest cargo ship. For the next
thirty years, it sat in drydock at
Norfolk...

Homer motions to Marge.

HOMER

Marge, what does it do?

MARGE

It doesn't do anything. It's just...
from outer space.

HOMER

(IRRITATED) Marge! Really, what does
it do?

MARGE

Whatever it does, it's doing it now.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT WALK

Burns and Smithers are leaving. Bart is at the door.

BART

Thanks a lot, Mr. Burns!

BURNS

Did you see their faces, Smithers?

SMITHERS

Just radiant, sir.

BURNS

It does me good to make other people
happy. Smithers, make a list of every
needy charity in town. I'll send them
each a meteorite!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Simpsons are eating in front of the TV. Maggie sits holding a flashcard with a picture labeled "HEXAGON." In front of her is a hexagonal bowl. Maggie looks back and forth between the card and the bowl. Finally, she uses the card to scoop pudding out of the bowl. The giant meteorite is ensconced in the middle of the floor. Homer is craning his neck to see around it.

HOMER'S POV

The TV is partially blocked by the meteorite.

ON TV

A QUARTERBACK drops back to throw. The pass sails through the air and disappears behind the meteorite. The CROWD ROARS.

BART

Wow! Didja see that catch, Homer?

HOMER

(FRUSTRATED) No, I didn't see that catch! (BITTERLY) Save a guy's life, and whattaya get? Nothin'! Worse than nothin'! A big TV-blocking toe stubber!

MARGE

Now Homer, we did a good deed for a fellow human being and received a lovely gift for it.

HOMER

Wait a minute! Hold the phone! If I hadn't written that nasty letter, we wouldn't have gotten anything!

MARGE

Well... maybe not.

LISA

And the gift we did get could hardly be called "lovely." Frankly, it's a bit of a white elephant.

MARGE

Well... yes.

BART

I think it's cool!

MARGE

The main thing is, Bart's blood saved a man's life.

HOMER

Yeah, but the man whose life was saved
is a total creep who will now go on to
wreck about a million other lives.

LISA

He's got a point, Mom.

HOMER

And those delivery guys didn't even fix
the doorway. They just left it like
that!

We see a gaping sawed-out section on either side of the
closed front door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Which means we're really worse off than
when we started!

BART

So what did we learn from all this?

MARGE

(SLOWLY) Well... I'm not exactly sure
we learned anything. (BEAT) But it
certainly was a memorable few days!

HOMER

Amen to that!

Homer **SLAPS** the meteorite emphatically. We **ECHO** the **CHORD**
we heard at the end of Acts One and Two.

FADE OUT.

THE END